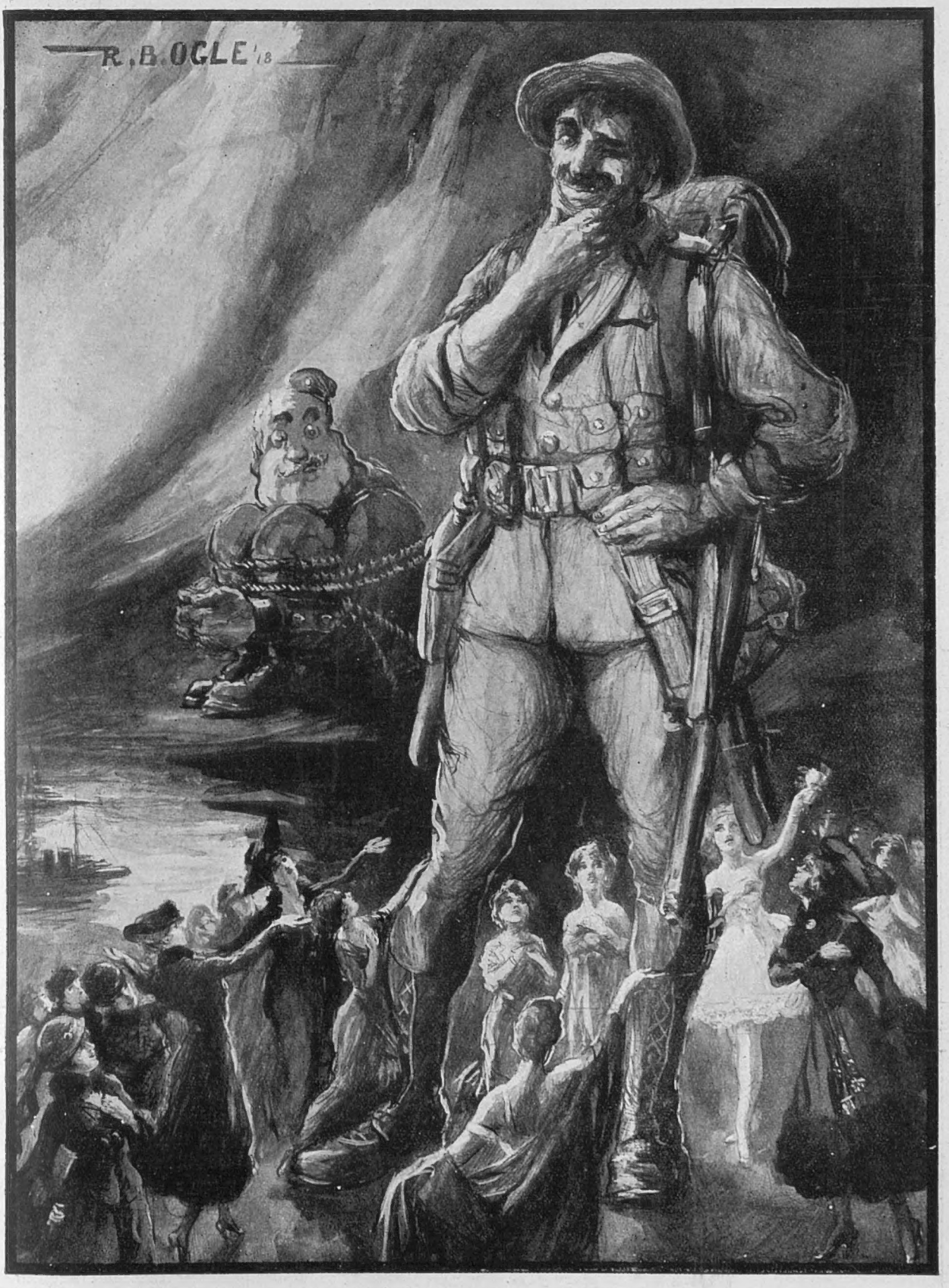
The Bystander, January 30, 1918.—No. 739. Vol. LVII.

The BYSTANDER



MAN POWER—WHAT?

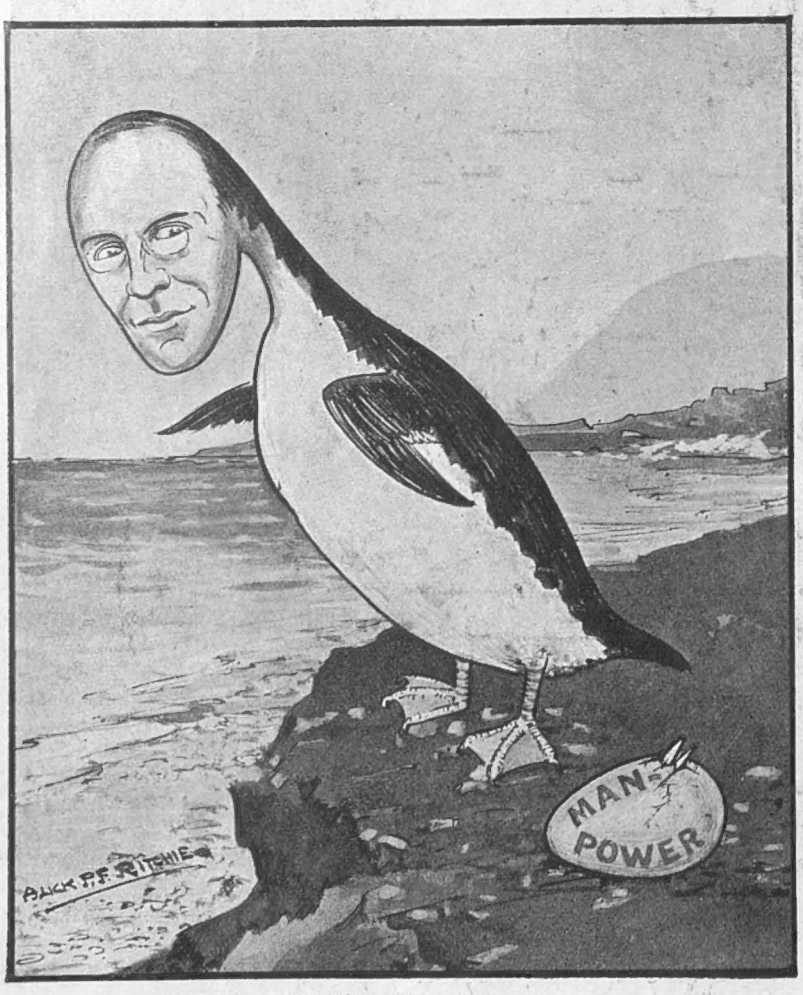
BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

Man Power

THIS is our Man Power number. The country demands numbers, and the occasion calls for the number. Our part, then, is before you: the other part Sir Auckland Geddes is seeing to. And as he is one of that small body of men who "get things done," we have not the faintest doubt of the success of his efforts, and we wish him more power to his comb! And when he has got it, he may be trusted to use his material better than it has been used in the past; let us have no more of piano-tuners put to the plough, or clever chemists to scrubbing floors.

Apropos

ON a veranda overlooking the bay in front of a West African port sits an eminent lawyer clad in the uniform of the R.N.V.R. A ship comes in. He descends from the veranda, gets into a boat, is rowed out to the ship, gets the ship's papers, brings them to his chief (who sees they are in order), takes them back to the ship, and—returns to his veranda. This happens sometimes as often as four times a week. Lately he overheard his boatswain remark: "This 'ere war's making men of 'em. Look at Mr. Smith now. At 'ome 'e's one o' them lawyers—no good for anything. 'E comes out 'ere, and 'e learns 'is job, an' 'e *does* it, an' 'e does it *well!*" Which only shows how we mistake out vocations!



THE GREAT AUK-LAND'S EGG

Women Who Slack

MAN POWER is being raised under the comb, but woman power has, as yet, been scarcely scratched. The majority of our women have been splendid beyond praise, but I fear that very many of what are called "the classes" have still only a society acquaintance with the actualities of war. If the daughters of Ministers and the dainty ladies of the peerage would lead the way into munition factories their example would be priceless. Play-acting for charities is *not* war-work. It should be regarded as merely the advertisement of selfish "slacking."

Man Power in a Nutshell

THE essential trades are as necessary to war-winning as are bayonets in the front line. One feeds the other. But the luxurious trades are still with us to an amazing extent. There is a reservoir of new Man Power there. In Ireland, also. Then, on top of all, there is, strangely enough, our Army itself. It cries for the comb with a vengeance. There are multitudes behind the lines who are fit to fight and there are numbers who have not let the mud of Flanders stain their khaki at all, and do not mean to if they can help it.

The Safe and Cushy Brigade

THERE are quite a number of young men of position or influence who will not have a comfortable time when the war is over. Of decorations some of them will have plenty—it is really wonderful how they get them. But their names are freely mentioned in the clubs, and no one has any illusions as to the character of their "service." And, cruellest thing of all, to such as these promotion comes faster than to the good fellows who risk their lives daily.

Are the Cabinet Repairers Coming?

THERE are circumstantial rumours of impending reconstruction. Perhaps before these lines are read, the War Office will have been "through it"! If rumour be true we are to have in a high office a man of great capacity who is wholly unknown to political fortune. Another item of political gossip is that Mr. Asquith and Lord Lansdowne have—lunched together.

(Continued on page 232)

Mittel-Europa Man Power—

—BUT A BAD BASE FOR IT

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

War-Aims—Assorted

It seems improbable that the Allies will get any clear statement of the war-aims of the Central Powers, judging from the simultaneous remarks of Count Hertling and Count Czernin. The Austrian didn't want a square yard of territory nor a kreuzer of indemnity—the German wanted a good deal, especially the departure of England from such pleasant places as Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Hong-Kong, and the Falkland Islands. There would seem to be some difference of opinion here; and I should think Count Czernin had better not accept any invitation to Berlin in the near future. His precatory attitude must have been very unwelcome to his brother Chancellor—quite dis-Hertling, in fact. But of the two Counts' speeches we need take little account—they will both take the count out. The issue is with actions, not words.

The Food Controller's Difficulty

Those persons who, because of our shortage, are clamouring for dismissals do not know the real cause. Had we had our own people alone to feed we should have been quite comfortable, thank you; but we are helping our good Allies as well, and as we are all in the war together we must share and share alike. A little less food will not hurt any of us, but it really might be a good deal more easy to get. That is where criticism is just. And might not Ireland be rationed too?

Mr. Walter Long

It is devoutly to be hoped that the Colonial Secretary will not find it incumbent on him to follow Sir Edward Carson. His value to the Government is immense. He is a tireless administrator, and enjoys the deep confidence of both political friend and foe. Admirable as is his work at the Colonial Office, it is almost a pity that he is not at the Board of Agriculture in these troublous times. No one could have handled the production-of-food problem with more resolution, knowledge, and tact.

Speeches versus Votes

It used to be, and probably still is, a truism of Parliamentary life that the most brilliant oratorical effort never succeeded in altering a member's vote, however much it may have shaken his conviction. Hence oratory is among the arts which are altogether vanity. This is further exemplified in a way which must be extraordinarily disconcerting to the orators in other places than the House of Commons; and it was particularly evident last week at the Labour Conference at Nottingham. The wilder Socialist speakers made their points on various subjects amid ringing applause, convincing themselves and apparently convincing others. Little reply was made to their arguments, but when the matters under discussion were put to the vote they were lost, swamped, snowed under.

AMERICAN MAN POWER—
Already in the trenches, and lots more to come

The Silent Power

Although from this it is quite possible to deduce that the heart of Labour is sound, and unaffected by the inhalation of the cigarette-smoke of the Socialist, at the same time it is a great pity that the soundness of the heart seems to have little power to translate itself into words as well as merely into votes. As things are, though the voting goes one way, all the speeches reported in the papers go the other. And the division numbers take up only one line of the column report, the rest being left for the speeches. So that the reader gets a false impression of what the meeting really thought. The big Trade Unions have a stern time before them under the menace of the young shop-stewards—so combative, but so comb-out-able. The Unions have many men of solid worth; cannot some of them become vocal as well as merely voting?

Welcomed by the Wounded

Photograph LADY GRAHAM WOOD *Bassano*

Who is on the staff of the New Military Hospital, Hampstead, as honorary ambulance driver, and spends most of her time transferring wounded soldiers to railways and other hospitals

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"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"
ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *January* 28, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

I'M always so awf'ly glad, aren't you, when in this dog's land that I love, January, horridest of months, is over? Sunless and savourless, cold, colourless, and flowerless, the first month of the year turns even life itself—that divine adventure—into a dashed wash-out, a mouldy drizzle, a dud that, as our newest Allies would put it, "lacks gravy."

卐 卐

AS I've just been reading in "Love and Hatred"—

> There are certain winter days when bed and bath seem to be the only two tolerable places in the world . . .

And I really think they're nearly all January ones, for with February, even if

> All the months in the year
> Curse a fair Februeer,

at least for those of us who look, there comes just a hint, a faint suggestion, a fleeting promise that, after all,

> Beauty, beauty may not,
> Cannot cease . . .

and that spring

> . . . as though a garland of red roses
> Had fallen upon the head of some smug nun,

like Peace, *will* come again some day.

卐 卐

IN February, even though we sometimes suffer the hardest weather of the year, at least the days grow longer, and there is colour, even in London—from Piccadilly, looking down St. James's Street, over the old Palace to Westminster, loveliest view of all and eternally new and beautiful to London eyes, I have seen it like a pearl, very gentle and pale, with faint blue shadows, and over all a thin, rosy veil, tipped here and there with gold.

卐 卐

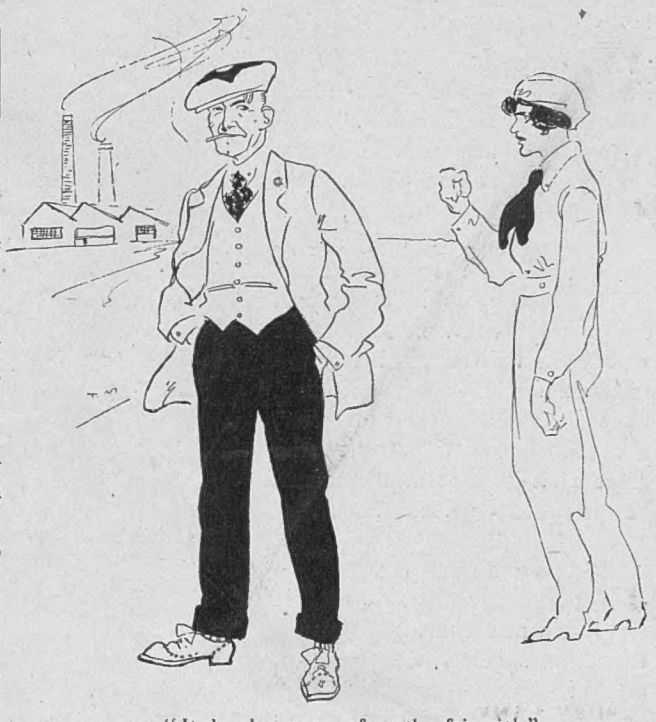
IN the country the earth is still dark and stiff, but sap stirs in the dry twigs of the hedges, and in the gardens, shy and tiny, but, oh! so unutterably sweet and precious, there arrive, one by one, pushing up here and there in the sheltered places, the first forerunners of spring—yellow aconite, scilla, wearing its Madonna blue, snowdrops, those ecstasies in white and green, and sometimes, in the grass, the blatant crocus, gold and silver and royal purple, the dearest, surest harbingers of all.

卐 卐

THOUGH war-time, I fear, takes the loveliness even out of spring. When the whole world is waking to beauty, it hurts more bitterly than ever to remember all the young, young, eager eyes, that will never open, even to spring, again. We can bear hardships without them, but it sears the heart to think of the beauty of a world in which not even their resting-place is known to us—

> For not in quiet English fields
> Are these, our brothers, laid to rest,
> Where we might deck their broken shields
> With all the flowers the dead love best.

If I could hate spring, it would be, I think, in war-time. It hurts so cruelly to see how remorselessly the world goes on—without its best and bravest.



"It do give some of us the fair sick"

"Of course, one wants to be told one's loved"

卐 卐

AFTER which, perhaps somewhat premature, spring song, as sure as eggs is—well, *not* what they used to be, here in England now, even at 6½*d.* each (hens *hate* war evidently!) it'll be winter, unleashed winter, at its wildest, winter perfectly *horrid*, when you read this letter. And it'll only be what I deserve.

卐 卐

BUT I pray the gods'll be kind and give us this year spring early—if only to help and comfort us! For we face, perhaps, the bitterest spring-time that England has ever known—a spring of sorrow and sacrifice that will be hard to bear, even for us safely at home, as we watch the whole burden of the war laid almost alone upon the broad, brave shoulders of Britain's gallant armies. For it gets ever and ever put back—the day of America's active fighting *début*; and however they hustle, no human power, I suppose,

(Continued on page 236)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued*)

can bring them here until *after* the great spring offensive for which the Hun, that marvellous enemy, is massing his millions in the West.

卐 卐

WHICH reminds me, next to food (a subject I'm bored stiff with, for what *does* it matter, after all, if some of us who don't really matter, here in England, *do* go hungry for a bit, when in France and Egypt and Salonika and Mesopotamia and Africa, and everywhere, the men by whose heroism we live have gone for nearly four years in bitter cold and burning heat, in discomfort and dirt and distress, in horror unspeakable, and danger unending, under the wing of pain and terror, and the shadow of death?) the great chat-subject of the month has been, of course, Man Power.

"So cheero for the Senior Service"

卐 卐

HALF a million men the Army wants, and half a million men the Army's going to get, of course—and lor! but it's wonderful how worms can *wriggle*, isn't it? Some of them aren't caught even yet in the military net, and some of us—well, as a lady friend of mine, who's "on munitions," graphically put it to me over the canteen counter the other night, "it do give some of us the fair *sick*, it do really, miss," to meet in every street and club and restaurant and theatre—while the others fight and suffer and die, and even women are doing, for England, jobs the woman's body was never made for—the *embusqués*, who've somehow "wangled" things.

"A Countess gave me a cup of tea and a bun"

卐 卐

SOME of them aren't even camouflaged in tabs and things, but still walk the world clad both in youth and mufti; and I confess they awake in me at times the same sort of unwilling admiration that I give the enemy Hun—it must take quite a lot of courage, of sorts, to be so very wormish! For theirs, of course, is not even the wormishness of the Conchy, who does, at least, sometimes stand for his beliefs. The *embusqués* of to-day are just cowards pure and simple, and ought to be doing the dirty work for the real men, their fighting brothers, who, at awful risks, keep them safe.

卐 卐

AND talking of being kept safe, this tribute to England's chief guardians is of special interest, being from a Colonial soldier-man: "I didn't say half as much as I thought about the Navy when we were talking about it together, Blanche," he writes me; "and what I did say doesn't come up to what I meant to say.

卐 卐

"WHEN you see the old Channel, a mass of shipping of all sorts and sizes, placidly proceeding with its business, the only immediately apparent indications of war a couple of perky destroyers, lazily doing escort, with their sweet air of 'there isn't any need for us really, of course, but I suppose we may as well reassure you land-lubbers!' When, in addition, you find all the intricate and cumbersome train of mechanical difficulties incidental to modern war proceeding as smoothly as if the Boche were an impotent and far-away thing; when you realise that we have Salonican, Mesopotamian, Egyptian, Italian, and other expeditionary forces, a fleet of merchantmen trading, supplying all our wants (and those of the Yanks as well), fishing fleets, etc.—one *begins* to realise pretty thoroughly that unless the Navy were all, and more, than it's cracked up to be, Brother Boche would have won. So cheero for the Senior Service every time!"

卐 卐

WHICH is really a quite nice tribute to the dear things, isn't it? And, though, of course, we knew it before, not unneeded. For personally, you know, I don't believe in too much "silence"—not about people's virtues, anyway. (It's different, of course,

(*Continued on page 238*)

Man Power in Jeopardy

It's Man Power here, and Man Power there,
And everywhere, to-day:
But Woman still has power to spare—
Just in the old sweet way.

"*IN ENGLAND—NOW!*" (*concluded*)

about their vices.) And I always think it was *such* a typically mid-Victorian jibe, that one about women always wanting to be told that they were loved. Of *course*, one wants to be told one's loved! What's the good of being loved if you aren't? And, in any case, why always talk about the dull, dry, dusty, ordinary things, and leave the best thing of all unsung and unspoken?

卐 卐

THAT'S one reason, I've often thought, why, in London, dinner-parties are generally dull; and in Paris nearly always the other thing. In London one talks about things and facts, but hardly ever about men and women, their *real* selves, I mean. In Paris, if there *is* one subject more than another that never fails to knock sparks out of the flashing flint of Gallic imagination, it is the relations between the sexes. With the Latins love makes the world go round, and they rather glory in the circumstance, and, anyway, find it fearf'ly interesting. The Saxon still doesn't consider it really quite nice to talk about what he *thinks*.

卐 卐

THOUGH, of course, there's no knowing *what* cataclysmic changes will take place now, even here in England, since the Admiralty's gone and made a man an admiral *over the heads of forty-nine* who —by all the most *sacred* hide-bound Medes and Persians rules of precedence—had a Prior Claim. I mean, after that—well, *anything's* possible, isn't it? And *my* idea is that the *great* thing is to rush in by the early doors and do the most unconventional things you can think of, *now*, while it's the *fashion*. Because if even the old Admiralty starts in on this sort of game, it really is a sign of the times, you know, and if they're *really* going to start handing the jobs to the *best* man, instead of the *next*—well, give us a sporting chance, anyway, of winning this tiresome old war, what?

卐 卐

TALKING of the war reminds me of warriors, and *they* remind me of Mr. George Robey, who asks me to tell all and sundry that the Waterloo Station Soldiers' and Sailors' Buffet badly wants funds, so will everyone buy tickets (you can pay *pounds* for them if you like!) for the concert he's getting up for it next Sunday afternoon at the Coliseum?

卐 卐

AS to the Buffet, I believe this particular form of "welfare" is one of the most valuable of all to our fighting men. As to the devoted women who serve at them—just you try even *one* night's station buffet work, and see just *how* like chewed string you feel in the morning! And as to the weary men who get from these buffets their first cup of tea since Heaven knows when, I will only tell you what a Colonial private soldier-man (who happened to be in his own country also a gentleman and a man of property, but that is neither here nor there) once said to me about them. "I shall never forget first coming back to England as a Tommy," he said. "A charming lady (who I afterwards heard was a countess) gave me a cup of tea and a bun, and then she said 'is there anything more I can do for you?' Now, that is something *like*, you know!"

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

MAN POWER IN THE HOME

Man Power Immobile

If more men must be combed out for the war, why shouldn't Madame Tussaud make us a few substitutes to take their places?

"Somewhere in Flanders"

A WARNING

My Dear Bystander—

There are—or there used to be—some wonderful jobs in the Army—jobs that simply made your mouth water to talk of them. I once met a man in a Paris hotel who told me he was a "Purchasing Officer." He said he had been purchasing hard all that afternoon, and was feeling awfully tired. It seemed that his job was made up of roaming about the world acquiring handy articles for motor transport.

His C.O. would say to him every now and again: "I saw an advert. in the paper to-day, Jones, of quite a new kind of carburettor they are turning out in Paris now. It looks very interesting. I think you had better cut along and make a report on it. What do you think?"

So Jones would put on his spurs and hurry off to Paris, where, having inspected the carburettor till his head ached, he would spend a fortnight in a large hotel, musing over the advantages (if any) of this carburettor over the one he saw last month in London.

* *

But this was in the palmy days of the war. There is nothing doing in this direction now. I know because I have been vainly trying to get the job of Purchasing Officer myself.

It was Hobson, however, who taught me that even a job in Paris can have its darker aspect. I never would have believed it.

Hobson once stopped a large piece of shrapnel with his shoulder, and the Competent Military Authority appeared to have some difficulty in finding him a job, but one happy day Hobson received instructions to proceed forthwith to Paris.

When Hobson had duly reported his arrival he learned that the work awaiting his eager onslaught arose out of one of those unfortunate incidents which, though extremely rare, must of necessity occur from time to time in every great army.

* *

We will call him Simpkins. He hailed from some distant and thirsty isle where the cocoanuts flourish, and he was destined to prove a failure from the start. In the army a perpetual thirst on the part of one of its units will, sooner or later, lead a number of grave-faced gentlemen to foregather round a table in solemn conclave.

The result of it all was that the services of Simpkins were dispensed with, and it now rested with Hobson, very tactfully, to get possession of the uniform of ex-Lieut. Simpkins and so save it from ignominy.

Hobson says the next six weeks were the unhappiest of his life. He used to go about with Simpkins, he says, from café to café, and try to work on his better feelings, and just before closing time Simpkins would cry like a little child and promise him he should have it just as soon as he could get a suit of clothes from the tailor.

* *

After a fortnight of this, Hobson suddenly changed his tactics and crept stealthily into Simpkins's room at 3 a.m. one morning and found that Simpkins, with rare foresight, had hidden his uniform under the mattress.

After this Hobson tried drugs with indifferent success. They seemed to do Simpkins good.

And then one bright day Simpkins very considerately got in the way of a boy on a bicycle—and Hobson's work was over.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson.

PASSED BY CENSOR

OLD-MAN POWER

JUNIOR OFFICER: "Were you in the South African war, sir?"
SENIOR OFFICER: "Good gracious, no, my dear boy! I was much too old!"

Conservation of Man Power

PASSED BY CENSOR

Some suggestions which may (or may not) be useful to the Ministry of National Service

The Bystander in Paris

BOHÈME EN GUERRE

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Lucile spoke to him and admired"

MES AMIS—

IT was a young man painting in the Bois who made me wish to see how the *Quartier Latin* was living in this cold time. The young man had a velvet jacket and no overcoat; but he had a great black hat and a tie like the hair ribbon the little girls wear in Alsace, and he stood below a tree painting a snow scene.

⁂

THE snow he painted was blue and pink, which Lucile says is the right way to paint snow in sunshine, though many people will say to you that snow is white. The poor young man's fingers and his nose were, too, blue and pink, but his picture was very well. We went and looked at it and Lucile, who is artist, spoke to him, and admired.

⁂

HE was very pleased. He said he had sold his picture already to a Rasta, which is what the people call a someone from South America. Now he was sorry he had sold it to the Rasta. It was so much too good. Would we but look how well the waterfall and the icicles were painted! He had made progress since he painted before in the Bois.

IT was then I looked at the button-hole of his jacket. He wore there the little ribbons of the *Croix de Guerre* and the *Médaille Militaire*, and the one which showed he was a *grand blessé*. He had one leg of wood. Perhaps he saw me look, because he said suddenly: "I have only one foot now, mam'selle, to be cold when I paint in the snow"; and he laughed.

⁂

THERE were some days I thought of him and the poor artists of the *quartier*, how cold they must be. When Lucile studied her painting we had many friends there, but though Lucile is of us two the artist, it was I who loved more *la vie de Bohême*. They were always so gay, our friends, though they had no money. Sometimes I have thought because they had no money they were the gayest people in France. But now, when everything costs enormous, to have no money——!

"Madame Carrie, who is the grandmother of the Quartier Latin"

⁂

IT was so that I wrote to Madame Carrie, who is the grandmother of the *quartier*, that she should dine with me at Gorgeu's and tell me all that was happening. How it is changed more than ever. Last year there were the Americans to take the place of all the others who have gone. Now it is they—all the young ones—who have disappeared. At Gorgeu's, where everyone was once so picturesque, because it was a restaurant of the first order—one paid three or four francs for one's dinner, which was then expensive in the *quartier*—there were no more any wonderful costumes. "Are they all gone, then?" I asked Madame Carrie. "They are not here," she said. "But where, then, are they?" I again asked. "Some ones," she said, "are dead. Some have gone to fight or to work in the *usines*, and the others do not any longer dine."

⁂

"THEY do not dine?" "But no, Mam'selle Agnès, how may one dine at Gorgeu's when the food costs so much? One's tastes must descend in war-time till they satisfy themselves with a bowl of soup. *Dieu merci!* that we have not yet had the necessity to eat the rats!

(Continued on page 244)

Woman Power

LOVE'S SEARCHLIGHTS

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

I WAS ashamed a little to eat the *poulet* I had commanded. "Sometimes they dine," said my friend. "For example, M. Philippe has sold a picture, for which he received the money yesterday, and to-night every one dines. Only they do not come to Gorgeu's because not so many could come for the same amount.

⁂

"AND the *bébé* of Madame Jefferson, he dines every day. It is now five months that Madame has had no news of her Jefferson, who has fought since the beginning with the *Légion*. But every day the milk arrives for the *bébé*, and every week there are fifteen francs for the mother. I have wondered how many have sold a book or a chair—perhaps a blanket—to pay their part."

⁂

IT is like a restaurant of the *bourgeoisie*, Gorgeu's, now, and not like a restaurant of the *quartier*, but afterwards my friend took me to the *Café* of the *Rotonde*. There it was different. There were many people. If one has not two sous with which to take a *café* one can always find someone who has four sous. It is the philosophy of the *quartier*, and one profits by it.

⁂

THE party of M. Philippe arrived while we sat in the corner taking our *café*. How I was surprised! This Monsieur Philippe was the young man who had painted blue and pink snow in the Bois for the Rasta. He was the centre of admiration. Had he not paid for a beautiful dinner of *pot-au-feu*, as much as could be eaten, with

"A girl with great combs in her hair"

half a bottle of wine each, with the money the Rasta had paid.

⁂

NOW he commanded coffees for all his guests. How they were remarkable! There was one man with a bright scarlet blouse and hair to his shoulders, who had walked in the snow with sandals. A girl with great combs in her hair had a dress of a tightness which was remarkable round the body, but the skirt was like a crinoline. It is not a *mode* I know.

⁂

SOME were very nice to look at. There was a French boy with a face pale as a paper, and long black hair which hung in his eyes, and he said nothing, but only looked like a spirit. Beside him when they sat at the table was a girl so alive with bright eyes and a dress of green like a *perroquet*. I think that she had turned it round to make it look new for her dinner party. At least it seemed so, but it was very nice.

⁂

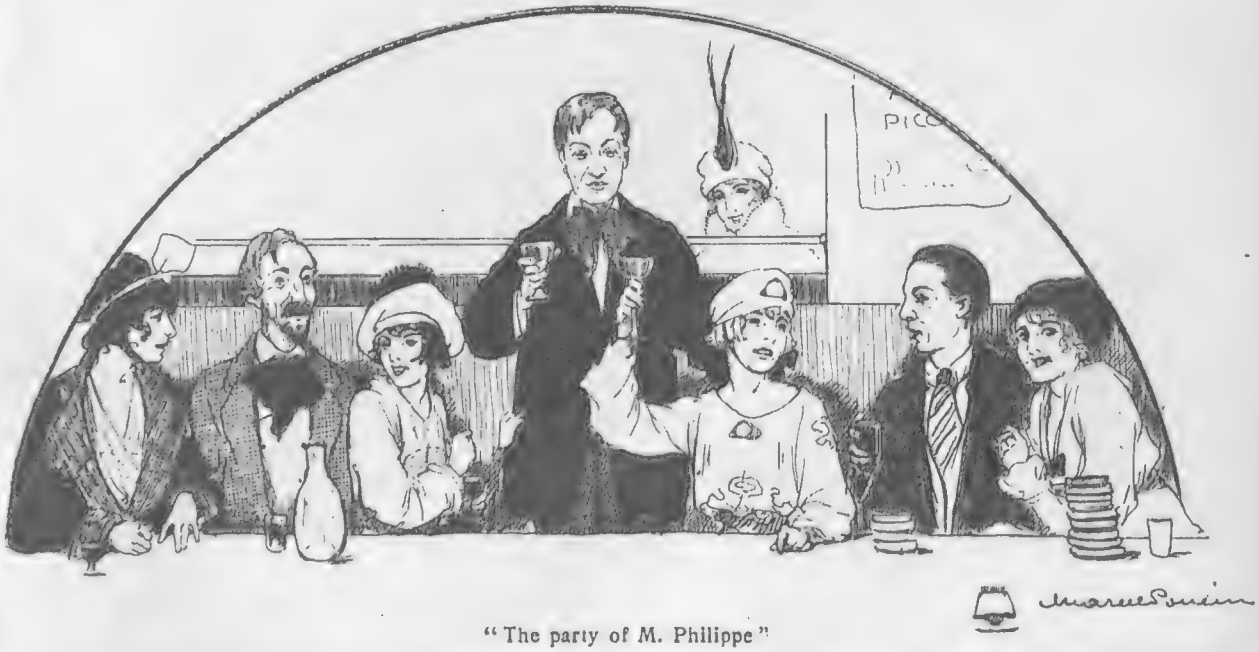
OTHERS were not so pretty. They looked a little as if they had not much hot water in *Bohême* to wash, and that they did not like the cold water. Some were very thin, and with their long hair and bright eyes they looked fierce when I looked at them in the great smoke they made.

⁂

BUT when I came to my room it was of the *bébé* of the *Légionnaire* Jefferson, and how its milk arrived every day, that I remembered when I thought how the *Quartier Latin* spends this cold winter of the war.

Your friend,

AGNÈS



"The party of M. Philippe"

Man Power in the Recruiting Office

A perfectly impartial method of dealing with doubtful cases

The Horrid Truth

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

THE theme of the moment is Man Power. This has, of course, nothing to do with the old fetish of one man one vote, because woman has also the vote now; and by all accounts we are not to be allowed out after dark, and—but, shush! Do not let us anticipate trouble. Let us consider rather the horrid truth which the war has revealed to us. When we call for Man Power to-day we do not mean a superior power of grace and enlightenment, but the simple power to break another man's head. War has an unholy way of stripping the tinsel from the gods of our idolatry, and this war has done it on us badly.

FOR ages and ages Man has announced in his advertisements that he is the Lord of Creation. Woman is a mere understudy, good for nothing except to mind babies and darn socks. Indeed, some of us have gone so far as to allege that Man is only a little lower than the angels. And talk about brains! Why everybody knows that Man has bigger and better brains than Woman. That is why Man has had the world in his hands throughout the ages, to mould it into a likely shape as the potter moulds the yielding clay. It is Man Power alone that has made civilisation and true progress. Everybody knows that this claim is right because men have admitted it themselves. But, alas! pride will have a fall, and Man has trodden on the banana-skin this time and no mistake!

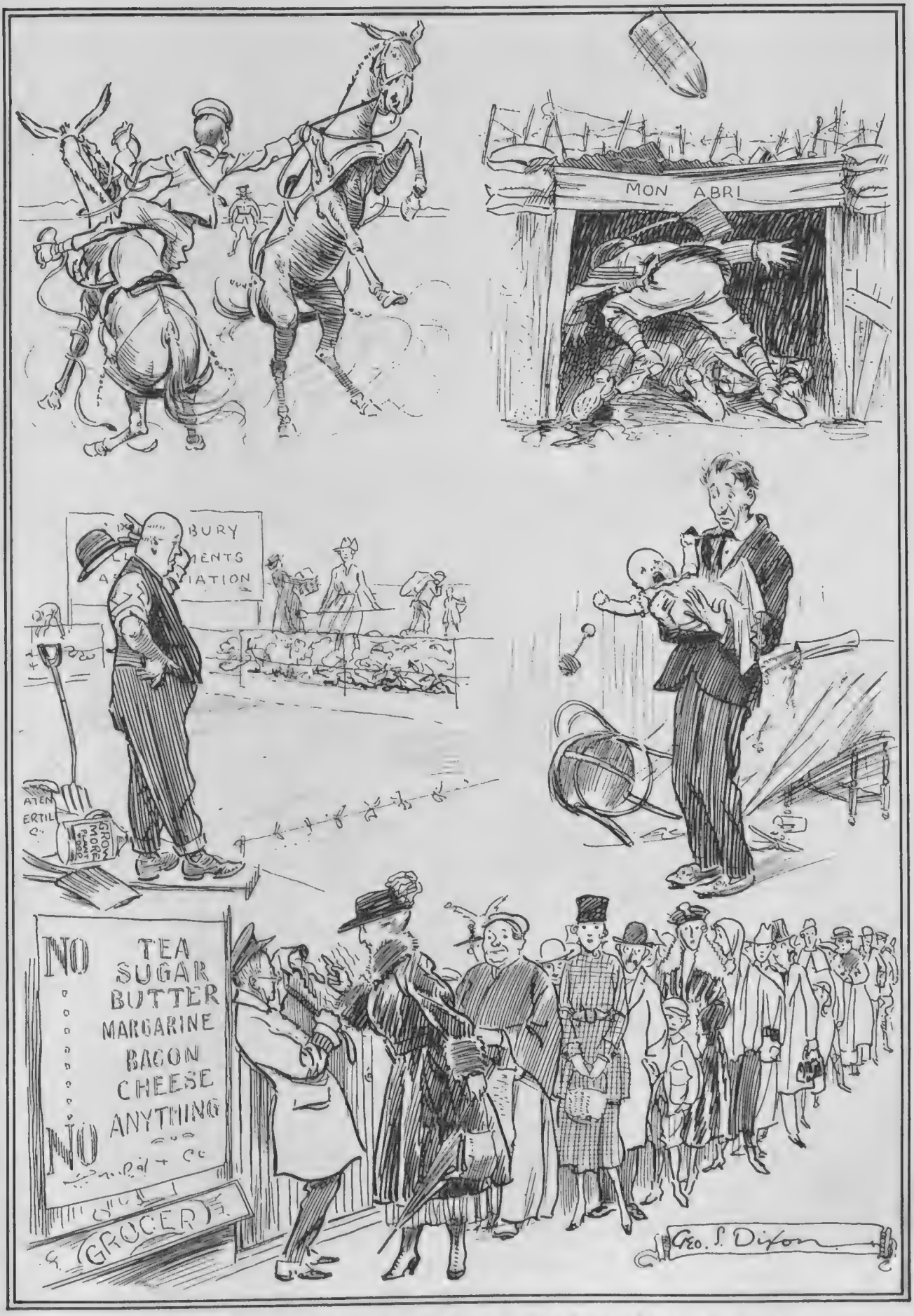
IN short, when Man, the noblest work of creation, and all that sort of thing, is summoned by the sharp commands of war to step forward and display his Man Power he has to admit that his bluff has been called. All the wonderfully superior moral and intellectual qualities that he has swanked about so much suddenly peter out, and all he can do, therefore, is to put his home-made halo back into its band-box and sharpen his claws instead. Woman, hitherto considered as a polite hanger-on behind the march of progress, takes her place as the brainy member of the race, and packs her Man off for the only job he is really fit for, namely, that of cracking skulls. It's a regular wash-out for the men, isn't it?

OF course, all things being equal, Man is physically stronger than Woman. The fact is so obvious that nobody wants to insist on it. But what Man does want to insist on is that he is not only physically stronger but intellectually stronger as well. Therefore, he alone was to be trusted with the making of history, the framing of laws, and the spread of the truth. This he has done from the beginning of things, and the net result of all the Man Power of the past is—Armageddon. And only a week or so ago an assembly of fine old gentlemen objected to the feminine vote because they contended that if women had the management of the world's affairs they would make a hash of them. What?

WE now know what Man Power is. The war has taught us that in its cold and brutal way; but we do not know what Man Power will be in the future. Man's prerogatives have been torn from him one by one by the growing power of Woman, till, as we have seen, his brute strength is now the only quality he can call his own. In quite primitive times, Man, the hunter, was pushed out of his job by Woman, who showed that she could track the woolly megatherium to its roosting-place as well as he; so he threw his spear aside and took to tilling the ground instead. But Woman was soon there to snatch the plough from his hand. Then he turned to commerce, and was doing well until one day a woman pointed out to him that he had paid three-halfpence too much for a mutton chop, and that he was not fit to be trusted with money. How long, therefore, will Man be left in possession of his last asset—brute strength? Nobody would be so ungallant as to say that Woman fights, but the simple truth is that at a bargain sale, or when she thinks she has been crowded out of her rightful place in the butter queue, she can put up a very fair imitation of Man Power at its best. Altogether the future of Man Power does not seem so pink and rosy as it might be.

THE MAGNETIC AIR-MAN

Where it Fails



There are occasions when to speak of "Man Power" seems improper

~~£3.~~

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE

C. C.

LAST MAN

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A New Heroine of "Romance"

Photograph *Elwin Neame*

MISS FRANCES DILLON

Who is appearing as "La Cavallini" in "Romance" at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. And if you ask what she has to do with a "Man Power" number, we would ask you to remember that the Heroine of Romance has been responsible for most of the collections of man power for war, from the time of Helen of Troy downwards

SEVEN DAYS LEAVE

AT THE LYCEUM

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

THIS is one of the sensational successes of the season, and it quite destroys the impression that plays about the war are not popular. To begin with, the dialogue is very hard on the Germans, and the British public, in its present mood, asks for no more than that. Furthermore, in the course of the play, a couple of German spies are handled without the gloves, and that sort of thing does us proud, if I may so express myself. Captain Terence Fielding, R.H.A., possesses the secret of some wonderful guns which are making the Germans feel extremely unwell on the Western front: and German spies, with their usual industry, want to find out just what is the matter.

❀

THE programme of the spies is a little complicated, but then it is understood that the Germans spare no expense when they are aiming at double-dyed treachery. (Loud cheers.) The gallant Captain is to be lured to the house of the spies, somewhere on the east coast, drugged into insensibility, and then taken on board a submarine, which is lying in the bay, waiting for the signal to rise and begin business. Landed in Germany, the Captain will be "persuaded" by various unholy kinds of torture to reveal the secret of the guns to the enemy. That shows you what these Germans are! (Applause.)

❀

BUT the German spies have forgotten to reckon with the British Intelligence Department (Hear, hear!) One of the spies is a lady posing as a Belgian refugee. Acting under orders, the Captain listens sympathetically when she evinces a friendly interest in gunnery, and then he goes, as you might say, the whole hog, and pretends to be in love with her. It is a great game, and she thinks she has won it on her head as it were. But that is her mistake. The Captain sees her home after a dance, and, to help the fun along, pretends to be in a mild state of intoxication. His appearance in this condition is greeted with approving applause, the audience evidently realising that it is a refreshing thing in these depressing times to see someone who has been really enjoying himself in this direction.. The war may be over some day, and you never know when the luck may come your way.

(Continued on page 252)

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

ARRIVED at the house, the spies prepare a nicely drugged drink for their victim; but the Captain refuses it, as he is not thirsty any more, and the spies are thus foiled again. (Tremendous cheers.) Then the excitement begins. Following the usual routine of a drawing-room scuffle in a strange house the Captain kicks over the lamp to get a friendly atmosphere of darkness, and we can see enough of what is going on in the gloom to know that there is a fearful fight in progress. When the lights go up again, the male spy is seen to be handcuffed, while several members of the British Army surround the lady with fixed bayonets, thus giving a clear hint that if she should perchance be looking for trouble it can be had for the asking.

CONSTANCE MOREL AND PAUL LAROND

WHO WOULD IMAGINE THESE INNOCENT LOOKING BELGIANS TO BE GERMAN SPIES?

✻

THEN the male spy, in order to save his skin, gives away the plot. His companion, who happens to be a number nine swimmer, was to have swum out to a buoy and signalled to the submarine that the victim was ready. In proof of his statement, somebody goes up to the lady and removes her camouflage or whatever they call these protecting cloaks, and there she stands in swimming costume ready, as it were, for the fray. But she looks so nice in her costume that the audience, like the ranks of Tuscany, could scarce forbear to cheer, when they ought really to have booed themselves blue in the face. But then these English are such frightful sportsmen, and in moments like this they are apt to forget when they are off-side.

✻

WHAT the Intelligence Department wants now, of course, is a lady of our own breed who will swim out to sea and give the signal so that the submarine can rise in time to be potted by one of our destroyers. By a happy coincidence, the heroine of the drama happens to be just that kind of lady. She receives a message late at night asking her to come to the coast in her bathing dress and to be good enough to refrain from asking silly questions. Some ladies might have hesitated before embarking on such a trip;

'THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER'

HILDA VAUGHAN

some might have wanted to bring a chaperon or some nonsense of that sort. But our heroine dashes on the scene in the bathing attire of Margate sands, and on receiving her instructions gives a whoop of joy on hearing that she has now a chance to do her bit for England. The applause that greeted her remark was most inspiriting. A little while after that we see the submarine rise, while a British warship fixes it in the cold, hard glare of its searchlight and blows it to pulp. There are many other features to add to the popular interest of this exciting play; but the spy incident naturally claims a special prominence and deserves it.

JINGLE

LESLIE CARTER AS 'COL. SHARROW'

'CONSTANCE MOREL'

VILLIANY UNMASKED (ALSO DISROBED)

The End of the Argument

"You wait till 'Aig gits yer, Romeo—'e'll put yer through it"

Shrapnel Pars

EVEN the sorest and most reluctant of the newly "combed-out" are obliged to admit that Sir Auckland Geddes has an irresistibly taking way with him.

QUITE time it was recognised as mistaken war-economy that men who have come home wounded from the front should be promptly called upon to re-trench.

THE current complaint that rabbits are unobtainable is not endorsed by the promoters of the Man Power scheme, who are confidently expecting to secure a large supply of *Evening News* "Cuthberts."

IT is obviously true, as "L. G." says, that our Labour Party's cheques will not be honoured by the Hindenburg Bank. That institution will only be impressed by Sir William Robertson's remittance of heavy new drafts to the Western front.

"WE must go on or go under," says our indomitable Premier. This doesn't apply, however, to our heroes at the front, who are keenly awaiting fresh opportunities to go on and "go over."

BY coolly asking us for compensation for two of its ships torpedoed by the Huns, Queen Wilhelmina's Government has proved that, even in these days of banned food-luxuries, we are in danger of being fed up with *sauce Hollandaise*.

ONE of the prettiest sights to be seen to-day is Lord Rhondda and Mr. Clynes doing the bunny-hug with the Poultry Ring.

A WINE substitute manufactured in Germany has made some of its consumers blind. Our Government's beer substitute would never do that.

THE Government is about to give up its umbrella and Sir Auckland Geddes wants those affected to come into the Army out of the rain.

SIR JOSEPH WALTON says that he will fight, fight, and fight until German militarism does fall. That is the right spirit. Let us put all our breath into the knock-out blow.

MR. BARNES should bear in mind the good old saw: once butted, twice shy.

THE battalions which Sir Auckland Geddes is about to recruit will, we understand, be called the Loyal Engineers.

NEW MOTTO for Carmelite House: "Never say Dye."

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES is making good. He is, naturally (and geographically), bringing New Zeal and energy to his task.

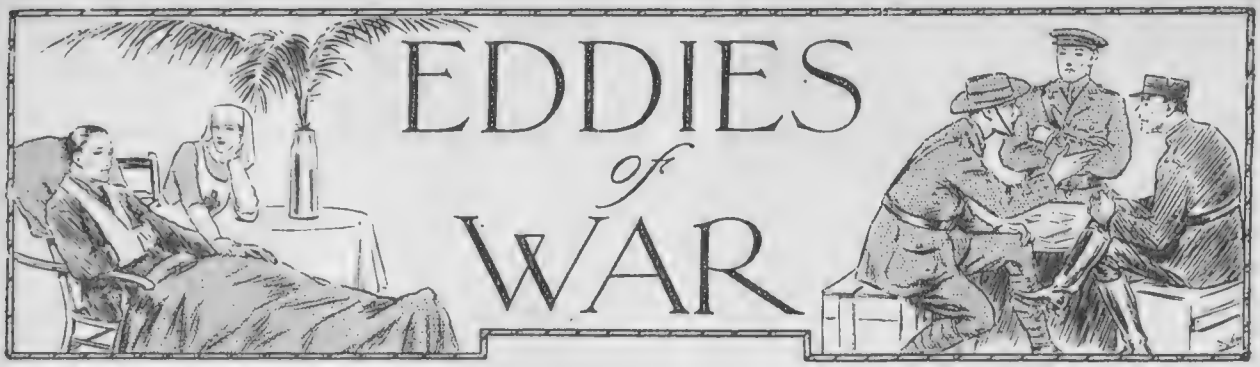
"DRESS your boys with Swears . . . " says an advertisement. So that they may be "clothed with cursing as with a garment," we suppose.

MAN-POWER IN TWO OF ITS PHASES

"RELEGATED TO THE RESERVE" "JOINING UP"

Man Power—

—and its equivalent to-day—and for a long time to come



THE STRAFE CLUB BY DELL LEIGH

I HAD been out on the Italian front, looking after the interests of my paper, for several months, and before that had been working the Mesopotamian news—for I am, you see, merely a wretched special correspondent. So when I came back the other day for a rest, while Jenkins relieved me on the Piave, I found myself awfully out of touch with things at home. I ran into Bob Robertson at the corner of Whitefriars Street; he used to be with us before he joined the Argyll and Sutherlands, and lost an eye and the top half of his left ear in France. He said: "We can't stand in Fleet Street and get smothered in mud, better come and lunch with me at the Strafe Club. "The *what* club?" I had asked. "Strafe Club: don't say you haven't heard of it." I had a vague recollection of a new Service Club somewhere in the West End but I wasn't going to commit myself. "That is not its *proper* name," remarked Bob, as a Number 9 'bus skidded towards us; "it is described in the articles of association of the company as 'The Man Power (consolidated) 1918 Club, Ltd.,' with registered offices and a board of directors, and all the rest. But everyone calls it the Strafe Club, of course. How ignorant you specials are!" Thereafter we stood on other people's feet in the 'bus to Piccadilly and were silent.

STYMIED!

* *

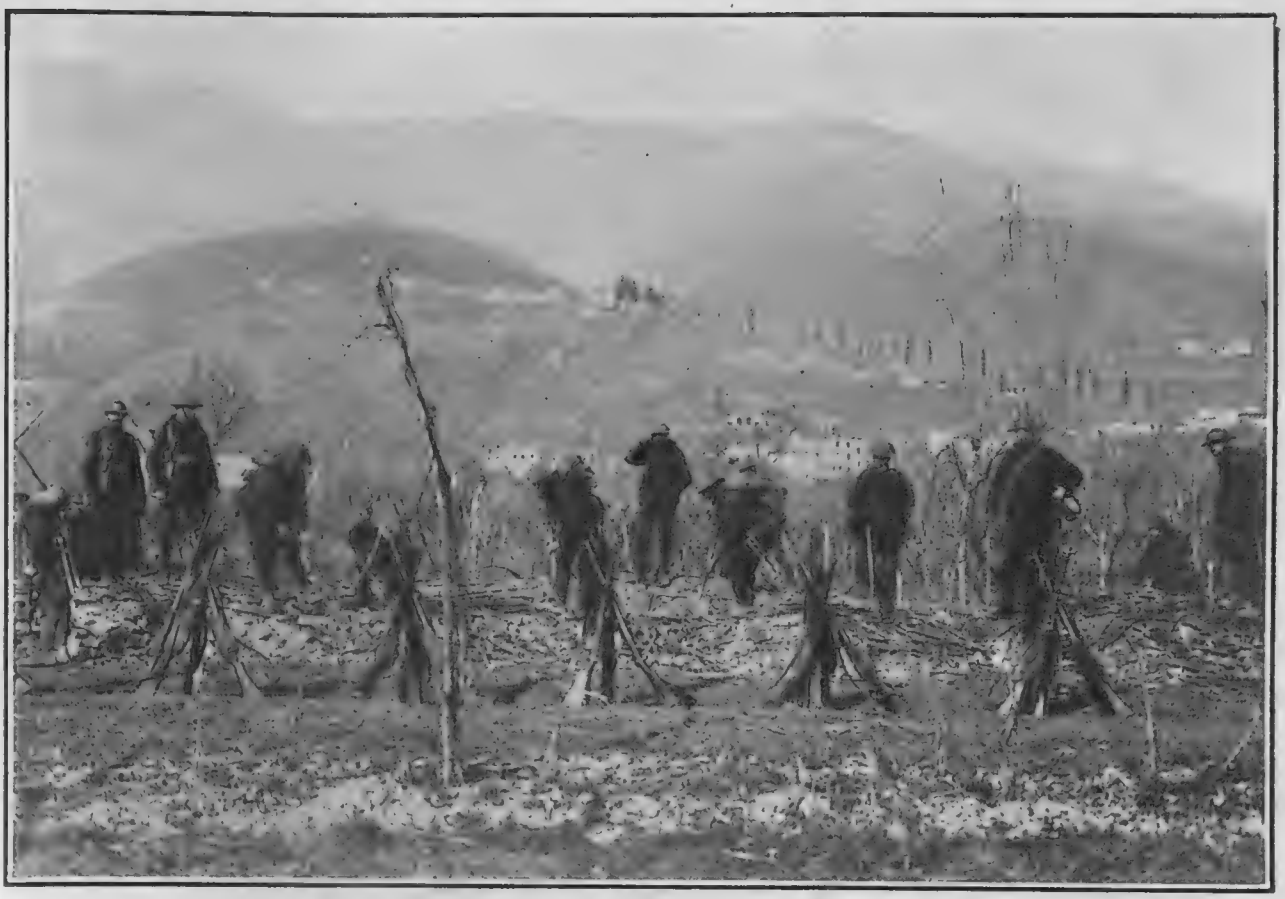
THE Strafe Club covers that wide expanse of ground on the Duke of Okehampton's Estate bounded on the South by Mayfair Place, with a back entrance for cars in Oxford Street. I suppose it is the biggest club in the world. It is certainly the most comfortable. I exposed my ignorance frankly to Robertson as we walked up Dover Street, and he said: "Righto! I'll show you the whole place; you're not in a hurry, I suppose? You salute," he reminded me, "when you go into the hall, like the quarter-deck of a battleship—mark of respect for Strafers."

* *

THE place would be immense, even as a modern hotel, but as a club——! It was three minutes' walk to the cloak rooms, and we went up in a thing like a Tube lift to the "Haig" dining room, three hundred and fifty feet by a hundred and eighty. "Look here, Bob," I remonstrated, as we sat down, "how on earth did this place get built in war-time, and who paid for it?" "Impossible in the ordinary way, of course," he said, owing to the building restrictions; but a special Bill went through the House in a few hours. As to who paid for it, why, Army and Navy contractors, out of excess profits. The Bill allowed them to 'write off' the amount of their contributions. It was their own idea entirely; and there is a waiting list for membership as long as your arm. You see, there

(Continued on page 258)

Man Power on Two of Our Fronts



IN ITALY: A party at work on the construction of trenches

Official Photographs

IN FRANCE: Carrying up rolls of barbed wire for use "in front of the front." Notice that some of the men are wearing sandbags over their boots. Not only to keep warm, but to prevent them slipping off the frozen "duck-boards"

"EDDIES OF WAR" (*concluded*)

was no club at all for the New Armies, and the inflated Navy. Officers of both Services come home permanently or temporarily, and very often have nowhere to go. I forget who the genius was who conceived the idea, but every firm in Great Britain who held a munitions contract was circularised. The idea caught on like a flame, the money poured in, a committee of business men was formed, they all gave their services for nothing, found the labour and material, and in six months the club was built. At the head of the circular was written the sentence: 'You are making money out of the men who strafe the Huns: will you give these men a home?' The only qualification for membership is a favourable report from your C.O. to the committee that you are a good officer. No entrance fee or annual subscription. D.S.O. or Military Cross and Bar carries one debenture, free of income-tax; V.C. carries five, that means £200 a year out of the endowment fund, but the money has to be spent in the club on your pals. Every club servant is a discharged sailor or soldier. It is a sort of unwritten law of the club that every member shall be a good strafer."

I looked round the crowded dining room and saw R.F.C. pilots in every direction. "Cases of single-handed strafing of Boches," went on Robertson—"cases, that is to say, that can be specially recorded are noted on the honours board (I'll show you presently) and the strafer's name is numbered by stars according to the exploit. The Flying Corps has a special board of its own running all round the swimming bath.

"All the prices here are pre-war prices, and will remain so, whatever happens (endowment fund again) and there are no food restrictions for men in the G.S. category. All the profits go towards a sinking fund, used entirely for cases of monetary distress, which are investigated privately by the committee."

❀ ❀

After a most excellent lunch we went over this Utopian club of Robertson's. It took us two hours. Nothing that can add to the temporary comfort of Strafers has been overlooked, even to the Trench Tub, a wonderful place where men go directly they arrive, and are cleaned by hot water sprays of every known kind.

"You see," said Robertson, as he bade me good-bye on the marble steps at the entrance, "we have got to encourage the Man Power of the country to keep in fighting trim, and this is one way of doing it."

I pointed to the huge club motto on a bronze scroll which stretched over the double doors:—

"*Continue to strafe, all ye who enter here.*"

"Are men to be taught that creed *after* the war?" I asked.

"*Rather!*" he said enthusiastically. "Don't you think it's a good idea?"

"Oh, of course, of course!" I replied politely.

But as I walked towards a waiting taxi, I wondered if it really was.

Man Power—at the End of the War

PASSED BY CENSOR

The last representatives of the belliferent Powers deciding the issue by single combat

Win fame in Art

HASSALL

Copy this Sketch of a typical Hun for my free personal Criticism

EVERY post brings letters showing the extraordinary success of John Hassall's postal tuition. **Beginners in Art** who started the lessons "just to amuse themselves," are amazed to find that after only a few weeks' training they are turning out work of merit and originality beyond their widest hopes. **Amateurs** who have been working for years without progress are suddenly forging ahead. **Professionals** who have never done much good themselves are enormously increasing their earning capacity. And all are finding a *new delight in life.*

Why should not *you, too,* win fame in Art? Instead of working alone—*bring John Hassall into your own home to help you.* Be a living force in Art. Get the public to recognise your talent. Get your posters on to the hoardings and your drawings into the papers; get the cheques which reward successful work. Make your name and fame in Art.

Let John Hassall show you how.

Artists like "Fish" of the "Tatler," Gladys Peto, J. E. Horne, Vernon Hill, C. Bryant, Hawley Morgan, Harry Low and many others who have worked under me are drawing big incomes to-day.

It does not matter where you live; whether you are a beginner or an advanced student; whether you wish merely to get pleasure from sketching or to become a highly paid commercial artist, John Hassall can show you the way to success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

Or send a letter if you do not want to cut the paper.

To MR. JOHN HASSALL, The John Hassall Correspondence Art School, Ltd., 5, Stratford Studios, Kensington, W. 8.

I enclose you a Drawing for your personal criticism.

Please send me free of all cost full particulars of how to become a successful poster and black-and-white artist, and how to get my work exhibited. Please add a copy of your illustrated book "THE JOHN HASSALL WAY."

Name.....

Address.....

B.30.1.18.

Woman in Whitehall

—ONE OF THE SUBSTITUTES FOR MAN POWER

THE CARD-INDEX BUREAU

ONLY a short year ago a Government Office was to me still a symbol of all that is powerful and mysterious; now, like many hundreds of my fellow-women, I am disillusioned. These imposing buildings are still fair enough externally—whited sepulchres; within they are full of women's groans.

OF course, a certain amount of prestige attaches to the official position, especially if you are careful to keep the nature of your employment shrouded in obscurity; by virtue of my weekly wages alone I excited respect in quarters where I had previously merely been allowed to exist. But it was in my nephew's estimation that I really achieved fame; he regarded me as his most distinguished relative.

I SHALL not quickly forget the awe and diffidence with which I arrived on my first morning at the office—nor with what rapidity these irrelevant feelings subsided as I realised my surroundings and the almost negligible demands likely to be made upon my intelligence. Before being admitted into this busy centre of mental inactivity, I had answered (satisfactorily, I believe) searching questions concerning my ability and scholastic attainments; but for several months I found that the A B C was the only part of my education that had any bearing on the work upon which I was engaged. It occupied my sole attention, and that of my companions, morning, noon, and night. The Irish Girl said that she was "so fed up with it" that she had to lunch at Lyons' as a relief. Even Sunday was not always held sacred. "The better the day the better the deed," said the supervisor. "The deed what?" I inquired faintly. "The deed work," she replied grimly.

THOSE who have never been inside a Government office may find it difficult to realise that so circumscribed a branch of knowledge as the A B C could furnish scope for competitive rivalry—that there could be degrees of mastery of alphabetical order; yet I had not long been at work before I found myself gradually, but surely, emerging from the mediocrity of a mere card indexer of the rank and file to the unique position of Chief Authority on the Alphabet. An entire card index was placed under my control, with the added responsibility of solving the perplexities of the indexers. Their confidence in my omniscience in regard to the A B C was almost superstitious. If I had ordained, for example, that S came after T any preconceived opinions they might have formed about it would have been discarded. However, I was too considerate to put them to any unnecessary trouble. Their stumbling blocks were a continual source of amazement. One seeker after truth was always bewildered by double consonants. She thought that one ought to disqualify the other, and wanted to treat them on the principle that they twain should be as one flesh. She never could bring herself to regard them as having separate identity. Another conscientious zealot would hesitate to allow Markham to come between Mark and Marks. A third otherwise enlightened soul was always thrown into confusion by the incursion of Y or Z in a name; no matter whether they occurred far in the rear of the word, no matter to what position the first letters might entitle it, the appearance of the fatal Y or Z was enough to condemn it to the back of the drawer behind all names not similarly invaded. The Irish Girl said of this clerk that if it had not been for her wise 'ead, she would have been quite O.K. But nobody really minded the Irish Girl; moreover, it was well known that she was much less unprofitably employed in making even the worst of jokes than she would have been in attending to her work. As it was, it took two of the best clerks all their time to restore the index after her (fortunately rare) lapses from idleness.

A KIND of mania for card indexes had broken out amongst Heads of Departments. Fresh ones were conceived every day. Shortly after their completion they mostly lost their attraction, and were scrapped like superfluous kittens, only the favourite being kept.

MY exhaustive knowledge of the alphabet led at last to higher things. I was promoted to a position of trust, involving the original construction of such sentences as: "Noted," or "Herewith as required," or "No trace." (This last was an oft-repeated statement; I soon knew it by heart.) These veiled insinuations were written on minute sheets for the perusal and distraction of Heads of Departments, to whom they were finally dispatched after undergoing a lengthy career, including Registration and Jacketing.

THE charge of the Daily Returns was the next mark of confidence reposed in me. There is a subtle significance about Daily Returns; Heads of Departments have a morbid craving for them. When they were first confided to my care I was earnestly cautioned not to make mistakes, as the Head for whom I was catering was very observant, and would probably suspect something wrong if I said that two and two made five. Of course, he must not be taken as typical of Heads of Departments; few reach this high level of intelligence.

I DID make one horrible mistake; I detected a slip of the supervisor's. It took all my accuracy for days to wipe out this error in judgment.

WHEN completed the returns are conveyed every morning to the Head as a sort of Peace Offering. It takes a supervisor to do this. A supervisor is a person who sees that other people do her work; she costs five shillings a week more than ordinary clerks, and usually qualifies for her advanced position by making a nuisance of herself in another department, whence she is recommended for promotion as a supervisor—elsewhere. Occasionally a clerk without this particular class of genius meets with recognition, and becomes the right hand of the Head of a Department, thereby disturbing the theory that you never find old Heads on young shoulders. But no position carries with it a stronger sense of wisdom and intellectual omnipotence than does that of Exponent of the Alphabet in a card-indexing bureau.

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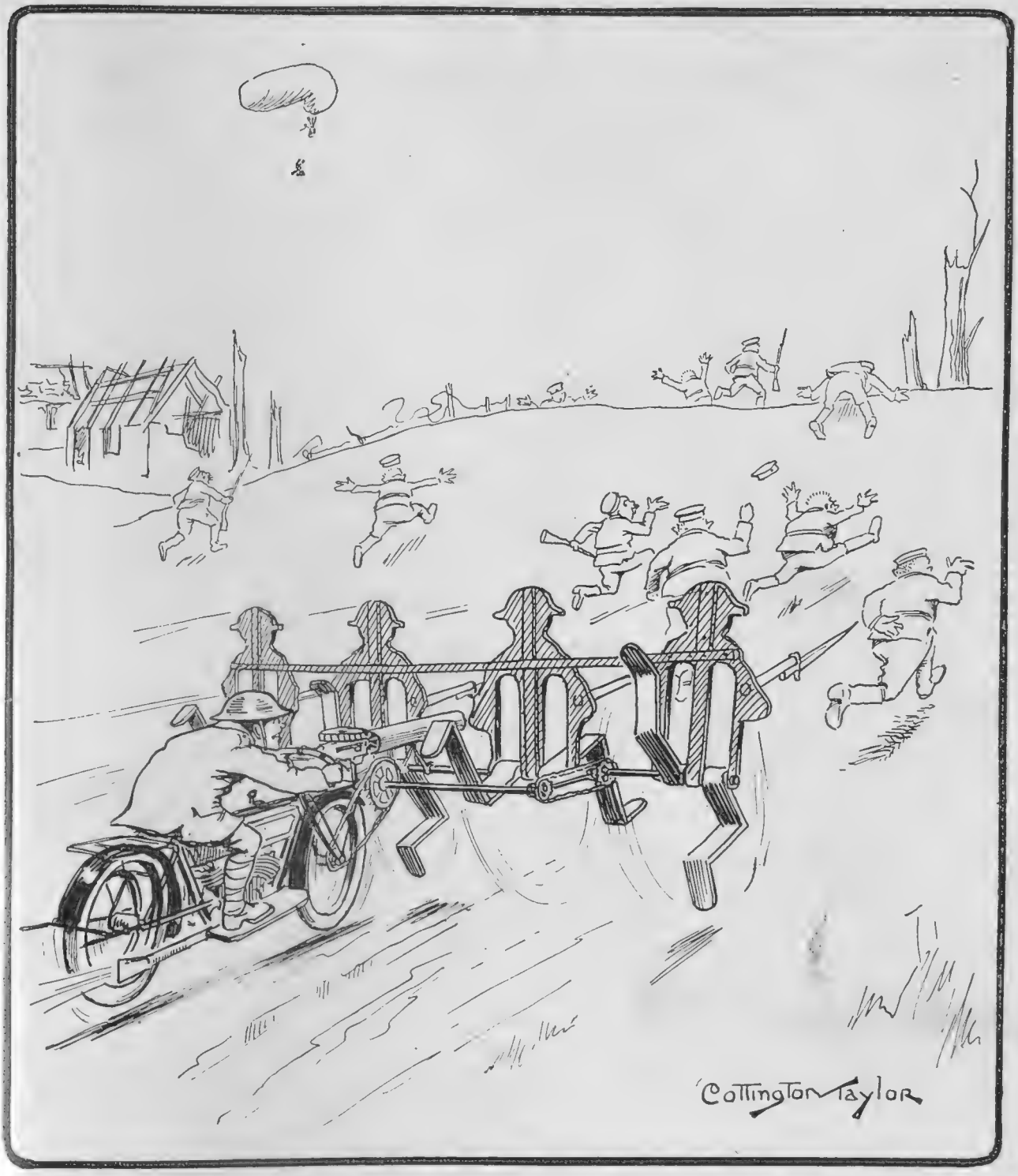
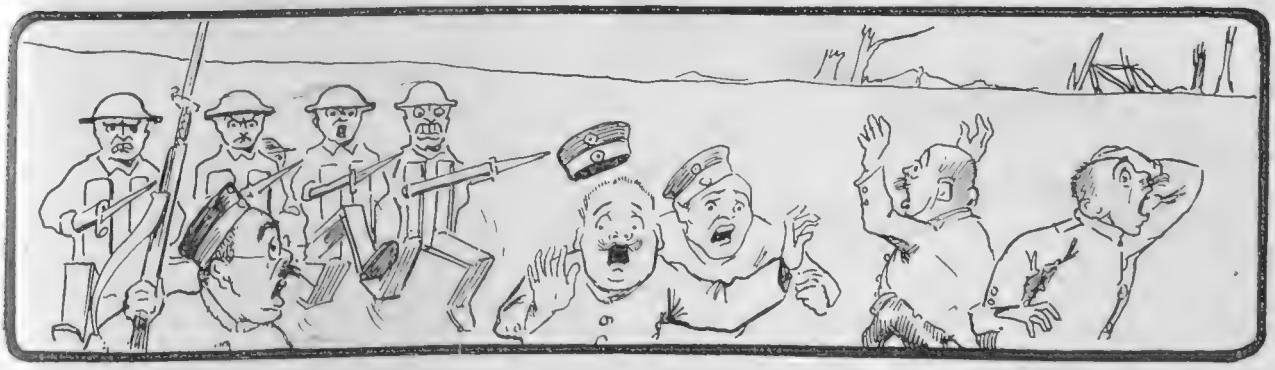
The Quest for Man Power





—AN AUTOMATIC SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM

Books *of the* Week

The Late R. E. Vernède

BYSTANDER readers will remember the late R. E. Vernède's pleasant quips and jests, but few, before the war, can have known what a good poet he was. His fame came late, but he lived long enough to know that he was appreciated. In *Letters to his Wife* (Collins: 6*s.* net) you are given a further insight into a brave, unassuming man's character. These letters are just what you might have expected—witty, as informative as the Censor would allow them to be, always interesting. He seems to have seen the joke of a subaltern of forty-one. He hated war, but went, and seemed quite naturally to fall in with all the fine traditions of the Service. Its red tape, however, left him commendably cold, as you will see if you read the letters which his wife has here edited with a few words of introduction.

Other Letters from France

LETTERS of a somewhat similar kind may be read in Mr. Keith Henderson's *Letters to Helen* (Chatto and Windus: 5*s.* net). As you probably know, Mr. Henderson is a painter with a most delicate touch, and you are pleased to note that several of his colour sketches are included in the book. As an artist with a sense of humour, a batman or two, and a horse with idiosyncrasies of its own, he was well provided with material, and a job on the staff gave him further good opportunities. His sketch of "A Conference in the Château de Febvin-Palfart" is one of the most delightful things he has done.

American Society

E (Long: 6*s.*), by Julian Hinckley, should have a success, although it is rather too long and very American. It concerns itself with the most unbelievable doings of people who desire to gain an entrance into American Society. "E" herself was not born into the purple dollar, so to speak, but her father, Montagu Vincent, after marrying her mother's money, speedily made his position fairly secure, and when the Very Richest Bachelor That Ever Was became a friend of his wife there could be no doubt about him at all. In fact the Glue King, Mr. Cass, employed him—secretly, of course—to show him the way he should go. This was when Montagu and his money showed signs of parting. Montagu was a bit of a villain, and when all the money had gone his wife was forced to start a dressmaking establishment; and with the dressmaking establishment came all sorts of melodramatic events. "E" had a poor time of it, although matters ultimately righted themselves. Mr. Hinckley writes amusingly

(Continued on page 266)

"THE PARIS CONFERENCE"

Paris at last tires of the termagant goddesses—note "great Here's angry eyes" and Athene's glare—and seeks his peace.

After all, it is but another version of the old, old story of the inevitable alliance between Mars the Destroyer and Venus the Reproducer.

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor H Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

The Merry Moneymakers.

DESPITE the appointment of innumerable comic Control Committees, the prices of the necessities and commodities of life continue to rise to giddy heights. Only caviar remains normal.

There is no justification for this abnormal increase. It is simply iniquitous profiteering all round, and it is a damnable indictment of the old men, who clamour for the young to fight whilst they sit smugly at home juggling with markets and making every penny they can out of the bloody Sacrifice.

The House of Pope and Bradley is not one of this merry band of ghouls. In the face of colossal difficulties with nearly 100 per cent. rise in materials and in production, it has persistently decreased the percentage of profit, and used every effort to keep prices down to a legitimate minimum.

SERVICE DRESS.	FROM
Service Jackets ..	£5 15 6
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Lounge Suits ..	£6 6 0
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TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
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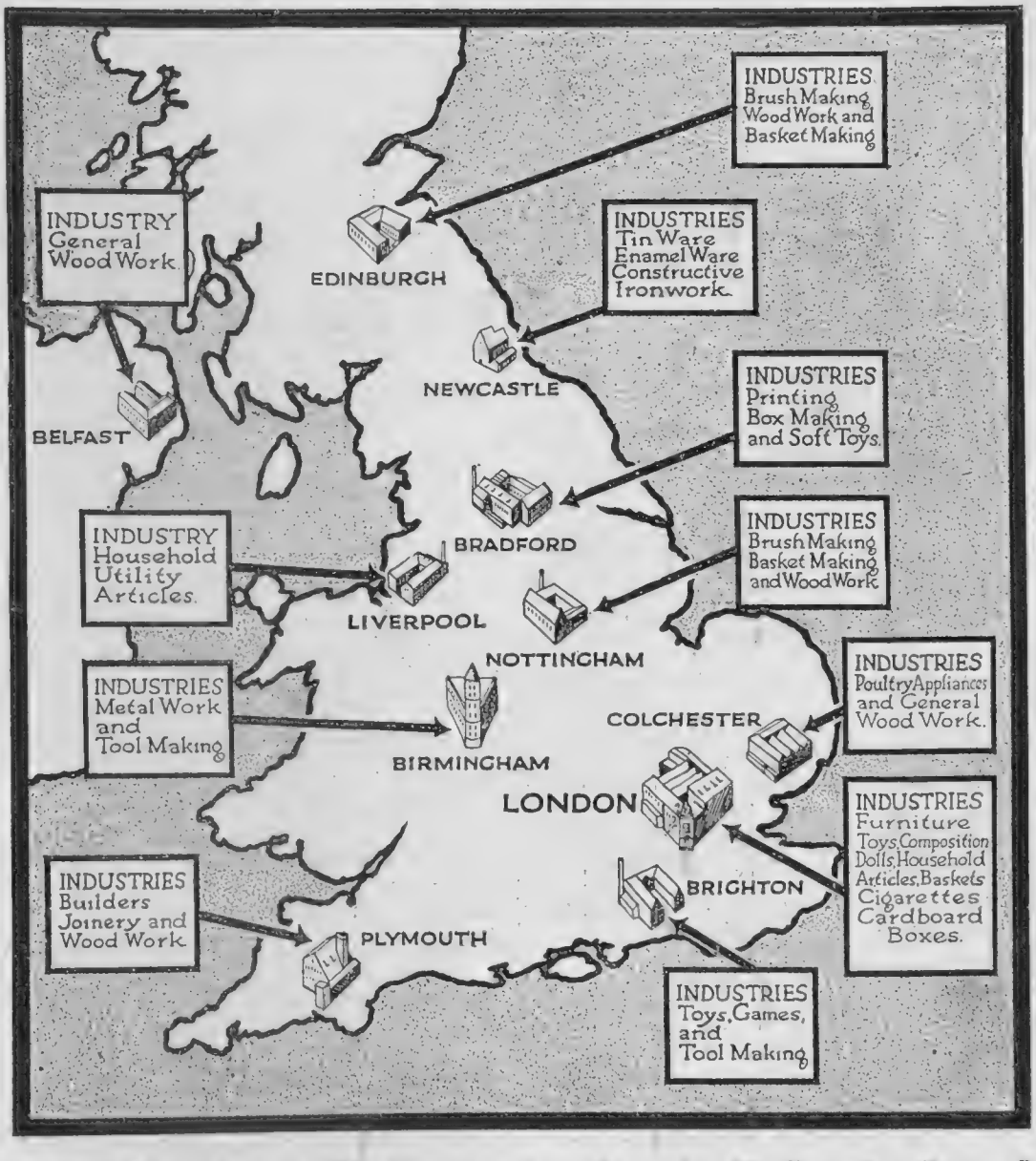
The Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops

FOR PERMANENTLY DISABLED SOLDIERS & SAILORS

The Picture below shows where the existing Workshops are and the kind of work the disabled men do. It shows the growth of this splendid National undertaking and so justifies your help and support.



The National Tribute to Lord Roberts Fund

is organized to permanently endow these Workshops so that disabled Soldiers and Sailors may find regular employment at good wages and retain their Pensions. It is *the* practical War Fund. Will you help? Come and see the Workshops. See what is done with your donations.

Please make Money Orders or Cheques payable to

Major-General THE LORD CHEYLESMORE, K.C.V.O., Chairman,

and send to the Lord Roberts Memorial Headquarters, 122 Brompton Rd., London, S.W. 1.

Hon. Treas.: Rt. Hon. Sir F. Milner, Bart., P.C. Comptroller: Major A. Tudor Craig, F.S.A. Hon. Appeal Organizer: C. F. Higham.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded)

enough, and his book shows up the absurdities of the newly rich in novel style. His characters are very clearly drawn. The unpleasant Eloise case in particular is well done. It remains to be seen whether this first novel will have its worthy successors.

❀ ❀

A Good War Novel

IN *The Fortune* (Maunsel: 5s. net.) Mr. Douglas Goldring reaches his high-water mark. The novel is to be ranked with the few really good novels which owe their existence solely to the war. For his hero Mr. Goldring takes one Harold Firbank, a young man of brains and imagination, who after an Oxford career enjoys a success with a play and settles down happily enough to married life. But as sometimes happens, Harold has long accustomed himself to see life at most points through the eyes of a great friend, James Murdoch, to whom, indeed, he owes all his success in life. After his marriage James and Petronella, Harold's wife, tend to pull him in opposite ways. Then the war comes, and, from his lonely house outside Dublin, James shows himself as a pacifist. For the first time in his life Harold cuts himself off from his friends and joins up. It is certainly the thing to do, and he is decidedly flattered by the photographs of himself in officer's uniform which appear in the papers. He goes to France, comes home wounded, and it is then that James's influence once again makes itself felt. There comes a scene at the tribunal which is investigating James's own appeal on the grounds of conscientious objection—how many novelists, I wonder, ever thought to describe such a scene, before the war?—when Harold speaks, in vain as it happens, on behalf of his friend. He has seen war and the sight has sickened him. He is just as much a pacifist as his friend. And then comes the trouble in Ireland, to which unhappy country he is sent. The final scene is cruel, but well within the picture. You do not quarrel with Mr. Goldring for his views, unpopular though they may be. You know he is sincere and you recognise what careful work has gone o the making of his book. James Murdoch himself is a triumph of portrait-painting, but equal care has been given to such minor cha acters as Harold's old father, the unfrocked clergyman in Lancashire. Altogether *The Fortune* is not a book to be missed; it is real and true, and Mr. Goldring must be congratulated. R. S.

LIEUT. ALAN MITCHELL

Who has recently been awarded the Military Cross, is a son of Hutton Mitchell, whose work in "The Bystander" is so well known

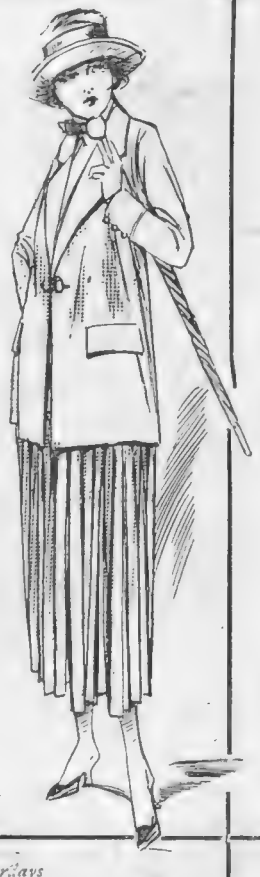
PLAIN WELL TAILORED
COATS & SKIRTS
FOR SPRING WEAR

THOROUGHLY well-tailored on very practical lines from really reliable materials. Although the cost of production has greatly increased, we are offering these Suits at extremely moderate prices.

COATS AND SKIRTS in best quality Covert Coating with fancy stripe, perfectly plain coat cut on men's dress coat lines with pockets and link fastening. Plain box pleated skirt.

Price
8½ *Gns.*

Also in fine quality navy and black corded suitings.



MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
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Closed on Saturdays

Temperature please!

This happy little Sketch came from a Press Art School Pupil who, in "doing his bit," saw quite a lot.

Twice wounded in the Dardanelles; with the first British Troops Salonika-way; in action against the Bulgars on the Doiran and Struma Fronts; several months in Hospital in Salonika, Egypt and Malta; finally, discharged.

Throughout all this, he found Drawing—in his own words—"*absolutely invaluable.*" It kept him cheerful too.

Can You Sketch?

Apart from its Military and Commercial uses, Drawing is perhaps the most cheering and least costly Hobby you can think of. If you would like to know *all about its possibilities*, I will send you my

TWO FULLY ILLUSTRATED DRAWING PROSPECTUSES Free

They describe my two Postal Drawing Courses. Old Pupils have illustrated them with numerous examples of their work taken from the leading Publications.

The PREPARATORY COURSE teaches Sketching from the very rudiments in a pleasant, easy way. This is for the raw Beginner.

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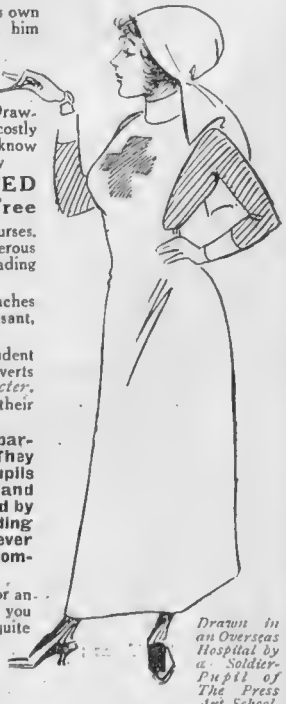
Prospective Pupils are asked to note particularly that the Courses are Postal. They teach Original Drawing—not copying. Pupils can start at any time, study anywhere, and work at their own speed. Fees are paid by easy instalments. There are no binding Clauses whatever. You can cease whenever you wish without any liability for uncompleted Lessons or Fees.

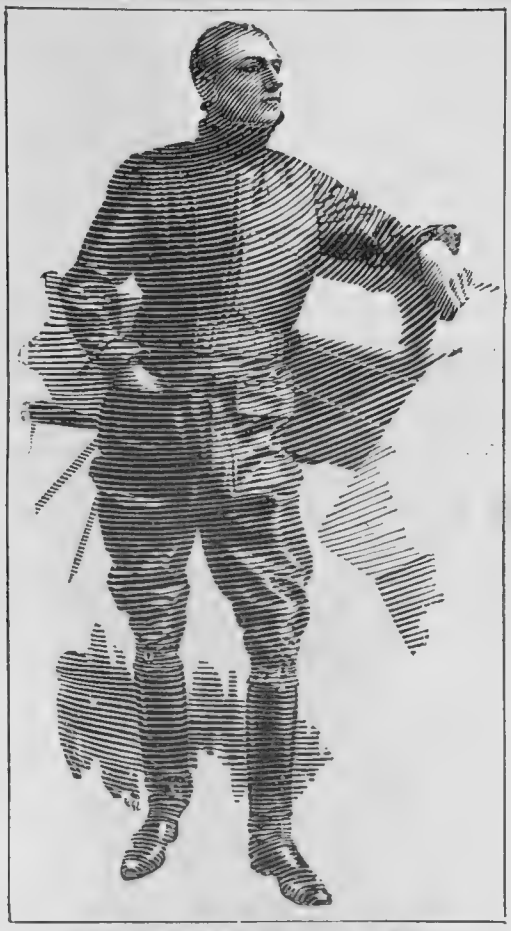
If you send a copy of this Soldier's Sketch, or an Original Drawing (preferred), I will forward you a helpful Criticism *and* my two Prospectuses quite Free. A post-card alone will bring you both Prospectuses. Address me personally and ask for "**Prospectuses and all further Information**" to be sent.



Drawn in an Overseas Hospital by a Soldier-Pupil of The Press Art School.

PERCY V. BRADSHAW, Principal,
THE PRESS ART SCHOOL, (Dept. B44) Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.23.

WHERE FLYING MEN ARE FITTED OUT



FLYING KIT

"DERNIER CRI"

IT isn't just a bad cold or a few hours' shivering misery that the airman faces who goes up inefficiently clad—the slightest numbness of body or brain due to the killing cold of cloudland may bring worse things when he gets to grips with the German.

Right flying kit gives warmth without overwhelming weight or stifling fugginess—and here the intimate knowledge of fabrics as concerned with rapid flight which Dunhills have acquired during their long leadership in motor-outfitting is at the service of our airmen. Flying kit "dernier cri" is to be had at Dunhills—and nowhere else.

Tunic in finest whipcord	£5 5 0
Breeches, in best Bedford cord ...	3 3 0
Leather coats, made of finest chrome dressed skin, light in weight, soft to handle, fitting like a glove, lined with finest fleece	9 9 0

The Aviation Catalogue gives the rest of the kit, and a copy will be sent gladly on request.

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(Regd.)

Khaki Shirts.

ACTIVE Service conditions have proved more conclusively than ever the all-round good qualities of "AZA" Khaki Shirts. They are healthful and non-irritant and are noted for their durability, softness and unshrinkability — the essential qualities to satisfaction in wear. Obtainable in Standard and Heavy weights, and in regulation shade.

OF HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

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REGULAR treatment with Royal Vinolia Solidified Brilliantine is the best Hair Service. It does its work with just the same "brilliance" and thoroughness as our gallant flying men do theirs.

Royal Vinolia Solidified Brilliantine being in solid form can be applied with the brush, making the hair glossy and vigorous. Free from heavy grease. There is no fear of leakage from its metal case.

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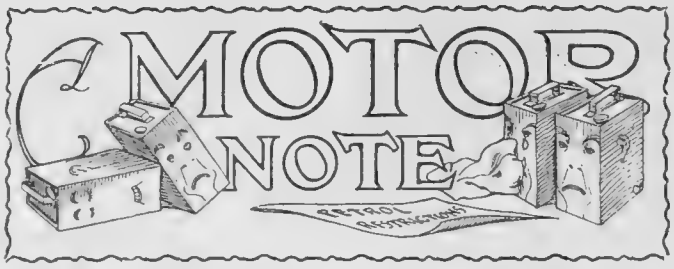


The Tax-Collector

HAVE you received a demand for payment of your motor-car or motor-cycle licence? The county councils are very keen about it, and as pressing as if they'd never heard of the war. Perhaps they haven't—you know how remote a county council or any other official can be from every affair of international life, saving only his watertight compartment job. And so he issues the usual demand, and will follow it with the usual official notices, and may even get it into Court before he remembers, or discovers, that motor vehicle owners are not liable for vehicles laid by and not used at any time during the year. And then, perhaps, he will also trace back to the cause for such an extraordinary number of cars being out of service, and unearth the fact that there really is a war on and that motorists can't motor because another watertight compartment Johnny has made it impossible. Anyway, as you know the Order there is no need to emphasise the fact that if your car is laid up, you need not worry about the licence until you get a chance to take it out.

***

Harry Swindley

HARRY SWINDLEY is dead. Nearly three years ago he had a bad nervous breakdown, and since then the shadows have been falling about him very pathetically. His death, therefore, comes not unexpectedly, but it brings none the less a great sadness to those who have worked with him at the journalist trade in the years that seem so far away, and the like of which we can never hope to see again. In those early days, when motoring was a great adventure and to many of the professional experts a stupendous mystery, Harry Swindley was a big and very useful figure, an aggressive enthusiast, and as sound a commentator as we had. We barged into him with lively satisfaction and he steam-rollered us with chortling good humour; and it was good to be alive. He is dead now, but he did his work well, perhaps better than he knew; and he helped along the movement notably. I pay my tribute to his memory. He has left a bad hole in our thinning ranks, and in the hearts of many of us as well.

***

High Flying

FRANCESCO BRAK PAPA, flight lieutenant in the Italian Army, has beaten the previous altitude record for a climb with passenger by nearly 2,000 feet. On a Sia-Fiat biplane, of 300 h.p. (Fiat six-cylinder, of the Turin to London type), he touched 6,561 feet in five minutes, 13,123 feet in fifteen minutes, 19,685 feet in thirty-seven minutes thirty seconds, was well past previous best (21,161 feet) in forty-five minutes, and finished at 23,048 feet in just over the hour. The flight was officially observed. I feel no overwhelming desire to equal the performance either as pilot or passenger—not in these, nor during this weather. Which, in its own little way, helps to show how great a Fiat feat this one of Papa's was.

"C.A.V." LIGHTING AND STARTING. The Simple, Safe, and Certain System that Ensures Comfort in Starting, Safety in driving, Immunity from risks on treacherous roads.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W.3.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

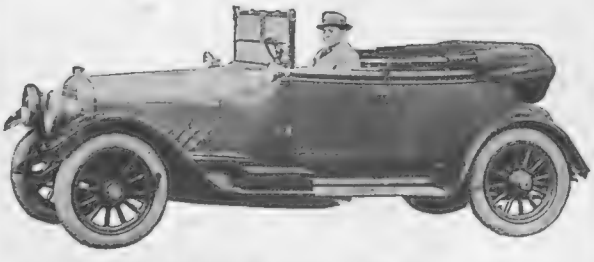
POINTS ABOUT CARS

No. 2.—Comfort

ONE'S mind has only to travel back a comparatively short time to remember that motoring and comfort were seldom found in combination. The process of evolution has been rapid in this case, and nowadays one can enter upon the longest motor tour with pleasurable anticipation of enjoying the luxury of comfortable travel all the time. The "Austin" Car possesses a reputation for ease and comfort which is second to none.

May we not add your name to our Priority List?

Austin



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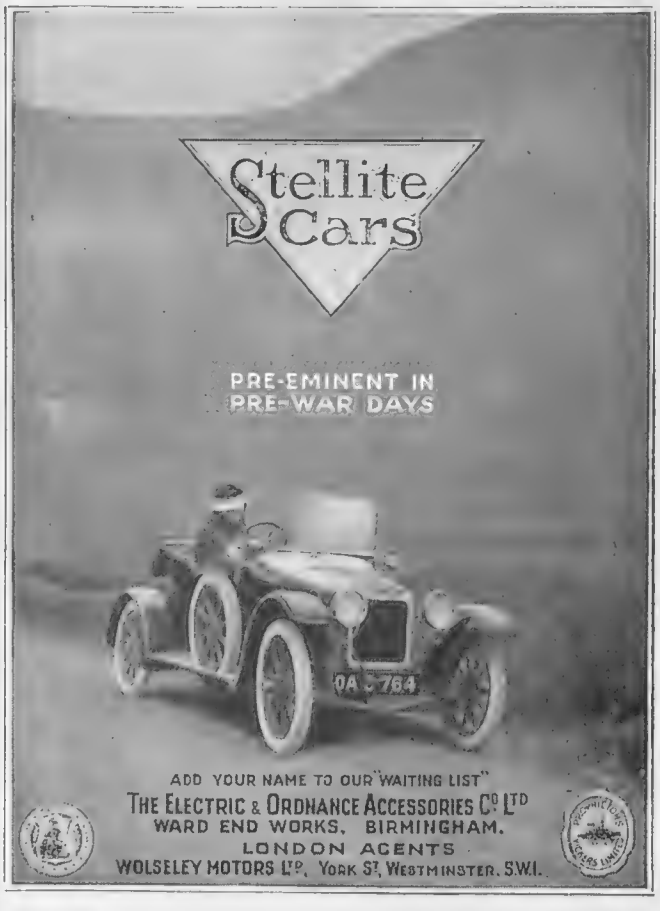

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FEMINA

Woman's Little War Worries

GRATUITIES

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

THE only woman not worried about tipping is she who, having means and will, flings coins broadcast wherever she goes, and, though her lavishness often meets with amused contempt, finds her way fairly smooth on this liberally-sanded floor.

The two kinds who trouble themselves over tips are the woman who hates giving them, and puts herself to positive inconvenience to evade doing so, and the woman who loves to acknowledge as generously as she can any service rendered to her, but is too liberal-minded to outvie other givers or render things impossible for those who cannot afford to part with so much. Moreover, this same woman's tips are the most appreciated, because they convey grateful good-will, and are in themselves a personal compliment. Discriminating, and without patronage, they imply just what they ought to—that she is sensible of people having taken special trouble on her behalf, recognises her obligation, and keeps her own sense of independence while fully admitting theirs. It is a case of *quid pro quo*.

To give less than the occasion demands, unless you frankly admit that the deficiency is unavoidable, is not quite just; to give more is a mistake.

The lady who rewarded the finder of her gold watch—a little shabby boy on a beach—with a smile and a single copper would have done better if she had let the smile represent her gratitude.

If the boy's honesty needed reward, the offer of a penny was an injury; if this knightly quality raised him to her level, the tip was an insult.

The lad, small and poor as he was—for this incident really happened—took the penny and made a brilliant series of ducks and drakes with it across the sea before he turned on his heel and ran off, with the lady's smile transferred to his own thin little face, for it was she who had to run the gauntlet of the crowd's satirical comments. But one hopes this occurrence is unique.

It is a very uncomfortable thing to go about with a companion—and the offender is just as often a man as a woman—who is a rabid non-tipper, and accepts all kinds of personal attention, not included in ordinary service duties, without making any acknowledgment.

The fad grows on people, and they will ask friends to a restaurant, choosing one where tips are customary, select the best table, take up the manager's time over the menu, send messages to the band asking for special items to be played, and end by complacently pocketing all their change, to the waiter's surprised discomfiture.

The humiliated guest has to pass a fusillade of raised eyebrows and shrugged shoulders, which she would much prefer to disarm by herself bestowing the usual honorarium.

Solitary people starting crusades of this kind need not force their idiosyncrasies on their friends; the custom of the majority is the safest and least selfish rule to go by in money dealings.

In these war days, when money is short and services many and various, it is not easy to find the happy medium, and perhaps as good a plan as any other is that of a woman well-known socially, who travels often and stays much at hotels, and who allows a fixed percentage of the cost of a journey or a visit for tips, and never varies from it. This gives her peace of mind at all events!

WOMAN POWER FROM AMERICA

America's daughters nurse Britain's sons at the American Red Cross Hospital, St. Katherine's Lodge, Regent's Park—a thoroughly well-run institution recently visited by Queen Alexandra. In the beautiful gardens the patients, all of whom are officers, seem to be having a very enjoyable time

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

An Alliance of Art and Nature

FIRST and foremost, M. Georges, of 40, Buckingham Palace Road, is an artist to his very finger tips. Lacking the true inspired touch, it would have been impossible for him to bring his "La Naturelle" up to the pitch of perfection it has unquestionably attained. But he has put himself heart and soul into the work of postiche making, with the result that he is producing *toupées* that positively defy detection. The hair grows in some mysterious way from an invisible, mysterious foundation, and even when a parting is presented it is quite impossible to distinguish La Naturelle from hair growing on the head. M. Georges makes a particular cult of studying various coiffure arrangements to suit each type of face, his advice being freely given to all who care to seek it, and it is safe to say that any woman who does follow the advice of M. Georges in regard to her coiffure will present a pleasing appearance.

He only uses the best, finest, and naturally curling or waving hair, so that in every case a pretty, becoming style is effected, and it is an open secret that a number of women, whose own growth can hardly be accounted a "crowning glory," are pleased to hide Nature's handiwork beneath one of M. Georges' marvellous productions. As for the woman with scanty grey locks—well, her looking-glass will immediately reveal the fact of a veritable transformation. Many years will be taken off her appearance while she will also derive the additional pleasure of feeling years younger. Nothing enhances the *joie de vivre* like the comfortable assurance of looking one's best; and all thanks are due to M. Georges for his clever, artistic La Naturelle.

Season's Novelties in the Celes Shirt

No need to ask, at this date, what is Celes? All the feminine world knows that it is the gem of shirt stuffs, a fabric as delightful to the touch as it is charming in appearance, of enduring qualities, and capable of being washed. And in pursuance of their usual custom, the producers have brought out some fresh colours and check and stripe effects for the coming season, one of the latter being shown in our second sketch, a charming model, showing a new collar and long, narrow lapels.

Every Celes shirt, moreover, bears the unmistakable stamp of the best tailored cut and finish obtainable, and there are designs and styles to suit all tastes. The Celes shirt is not cheap in the strictest sense, the cost ranging round and about 30*s.*, a slight advance on the pre-war price; but since it wears and washes like a rag for three or four years, and never throughout changes its appearance in any way, the first outlay is the last. No special care is required in the washing of a Celes, only good soap and thoroughness, and it responds more readily to the ordinary wash-tub than to dry cleaning.

A Rest Cure

THE days are past when for some trifling ailment we betook ourselves, on medical advice, to a nursing home for a prolonged rest cure. There is no time for nerves nowadays, and not enough efficient nurses to go round for our wounded for the *malade imaginaire* to be considered. All the same, there has never been a period when rest was more definitely needed, only it must be short and concentrated, and immediately effective. And there is nothing more efficacious than an hour's visit to some face specialist, who, with

(*Continued on page x*)

"LA NATURELLE"
A fine example at the Maison Georges